

T H E
Summer Miscellany :

O R,

A PRESENT for the COUNTRY.

C O N T A I N I N G,

The PIN, an Epigram.
Physick and Cards.
Epigrams on *Pope* and *Cibber*.
An Epigram dropt in a Glass
at a certain Ballot.
A lamentable Case, submitted
to the *Bath* Physicians.
The Old Coachman.
The Country Girl.
A new Ode to a great Number
of Great Men.
Labour in Vain.
Britannia's Lamentation.
Broglio's Breeches.
A Receipt to make a P——r.

The *Capuin*. A new Ballad.
A Right Honourable Dialogue.
Scotch Taste in *Vista's*.
The Statesman.
An Ode, inscribed to the Right
- Hon. *W——* E—— of *B——*.
Morning and Evening Lessons
for the Day.
The Epistle for the Day.
An Account of the Apparition
of the Ghost of *James R——d*.
Good L——d *B——*: A new Ode.
The City's new Instructions to
her Representatives in Parlia-
ment.

Many of which were never before Printed.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster*
Row, 1742. [Price One Shilling.]



T H E

Summer Miscellany, &c.



The PIN. *An* EPIGRAM.



S Nature H—y's Clay was blending,
Uncertain what her Work should end in,
Whether in Female or in Male,
A Pin drop't in and turn'd the Scale.

PHYSICK *and* CARDS.

PHYSICK each Morn is T —r's Care,
Each Night she plays a Pool ;
One helps her to an easy Chair,
The other to a Stool.

B

On

*On CIBBER's Declaration that he will have the
last Word with Mr. POPE.*

QUOTH *Cibber* to *Pope*, tho' in Verse you fore-
close,
I'll have the last Word, for by G—d I'll write Prose.
Poor *Colley*, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.

CIBBER's Answer.

DEAR *Pope*, tho' you have, I have not the Te-
merity,
To think of surviving to talk to Posterity;
I said what I meant, and it is not absurd,
That with you, Mr. *Pope*, I will have the last Word.

The BUFFOON, An EPIGRAM.

DON'T boast, prithee *Cibber*, so much of thy
State,
That like *Pope* you are blest with the Smiles of the
Great;
With both they converse, but for different Ends,
And 'tis easy to know their Buffoons from their Friends.

*An EPIGRAM, dropt in a Glass at a certain
Ballot.*

THY Horse, like thee, does things by Halves;
Thou, through Irresolution,
Hurt'st Friends and Foes, thy self and me,
The K——g and Constitution.

*A Lamentable C A S E.**Submitted to the Bath Physicians.*

I.

YE fam'd Physicians of this Place,
 Hear *Strephon's* and poor *Chloe's* Case,
 Nor think that I am joking ;
 When she wou'd, he can not comply,
 When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry ;
 And is not this provoking ?

II.

At Night, when *Strephon* comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her Breast,
 With fondly-folding Arms :
 Down, down he hangs his drooping Head,
 Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
 Neglecting all her Charms.

III.

Reviving when the Morn returns,
 With rising Flames young *Strephon* burns,
 And fain, wou'd fain be doing :
 But *Chloe* now, asleep or sick,
 Has no great Relish for the Trick,
 And fadly baulks his Wooing.

IV.

O cruel and disast'rous Case,
 When in the critical Embrace
 That only One is burning !
 Dear Doctors, set this Matter right,
 Give *Strephon* Spirits over Night,
 Or *Chloe* in the Morning.

The OLD COACHMAN:

A New BALLAD.

I.

WISE *Caleb* and *C — t*, two Birds of a Feather,
 Went down to a Feast at *N — s* together:
 No matter what Wines, or what choice of good Chear,
 'Tis enough that the Coachman had his Dose of Beer!
Derry down, down, high derry down.

II.

Coming Home, as the Liquor work'd up in his Pate,
 This Coachman drove on at a damnable Rate:
 Poor *C — t*, in Terror, and scar'd all the while,
 Cry'd, "Stop! Let me out! Is the Dog an *Argyle*?
Derry down, &c.

III.

But he soon was convinc'd of his Error; for, lo,
John stopt short in the Dirt, and no farther would go.
 When *C — t* saw this, he observ'd with a Laugh;
 "This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord
Bath."

Derry down, &c.

IV.

Now the Peers quit their Coach, in a pityful Plight,
 Deep in Mire, and in Rain, and without any Light;
 Not a Path to pursue, nor to guide them a Friend;
 What Course shall they take then, and how will this
 end?

Derry down, &c.

V.

V.

Lo ! Chance, the great Mistress of human Affairs,
 Who governs in Councils, and conquers in Wars ;
 Strait with Grief at their Case (for the Goddess well
 knew,
 That these were her Creatures, and Votaries true :)
Derry down, &c.

VI.

This *Chance* brought a Passenger quick to their Aid.
 Honest Friend, can you drive? —— What should ail
 me ? he said.
 For many a bad Season, through many a bad Way,
 Old O—f—d I've driven, without stop or stay.
Derry down, &c.

VII.

He was once overturn'd, I confess, but not hurt :
 Quoth the Peers, it was we help'd him out of the Dirt.
 This Boon for thy Master, then prithee requite,
 Take us up, or here we must wander all Night.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin
 Drove away for St. *James's*, and brought them safe
 in.
 Learn hence, honest *Britons*, in spite of your Pains,
 That O—f—d, old Coachman, still governs the Reins.
Derry down, down, big derry down.

The

The COUNTRY GIRL ; an ODE.

I.

THE Country Girl that's well inclin'd
 To love, when the young 'Squire grows kind,
 Doubts between Joy and Ruin ;
 Now will, and now will not comply,
 To Raptures now her Pulse beats high,
 And now she fears undoing.

II.

But when the Lover with his Prayers,
 His Oaths, his Sighs, his Vows and Tears,
 Holds out the profer'd Treasure ;
 She quite forgets her Fear and Shame,
 And quits her Virtue, and Good-Name,
 For Profit mixt with Pleasure.

III.

So virtuous P——, who had long
 By Speech, by Pamphlet, and by Song,
 Held Patriotism's Steerage,
 Yields to Ambition mixt with Gain,
 A Treasury gets for H—— V——,
 And for himself a Peerage.

IV.

Tho' with joint Lives and Debts before,
 H——'s Estate was cover'd o'er,
 This *Irish* Place repairs it ;
 Unless that Story should be true,
 That he receives but Half his Due,
 And the new C—— is shares it.

V. 'Tis

V.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other H——
 Pays Half the Fees of Secretary
 To B——'s ennobled Doxy ;
 If so —— good Use of Pow'r she makes,
 The Treasury of each Kingdom takes,
 And holds them both by Proxy.

VI.

Whilst her dear L——d obeys his Summons,
 And leaves the noisy H—— of C——,
 Amongst the L—— to nod ;
 Where, if he's better than of old,
 His Hand, perhaps, a Stick may hold,
 But never more a Rod.

VII.

Unheard of let him slumber there,
 As innocent as any P——,
 As prompt for any Jobb ;
 For now he's popular no more,
 Has lost the Power he had before,
 And his best Friends, the Mob.

VIII.

Their Fav'rites shou'dn't soar so high,
 They fail him when too near the Sky,
 Like *Icarus's* Wings ;
 And Popularity is such,
 As still is ruin'd by the Touch
 Of gracious-giving Kings.

IX.

Here then, O B—— ! thy Empire ends,
 A——le shall with his Tory Friends
 Soon better Days restore ;
 For *Enoch's* Fate and thine are one,
 Like him translated, thou art gone
 Ne'er to be heard of more.

A New ODE.

To a great Number of Great Men, newly made.

Jam nova Progenies.

By the Author of The COUNTRY MAID.

I.

SEE, a new Progeny descends
From Heav'n, of *Britain's* truest Friends.
O Muse, attend my Call !
To one of these direct thy Flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

II.

O *Clio* ! these are Golden Times ;
I shall get Money for my Rhymes,
And thou no more go tatter'd :
Make haste then, lead the Way, begin,
For here are People just come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

III.

But first to C——t fain you'd sing ;
Indeed he's nearest to the K——,
Yet careless how you use him :
Give him, I beg, no labour'd Lays ;
He will but *promise*, if you praise,
And *laugh* if you abuse him.

IV.

Then (but there's a vast Space betwixt)
The new made E. of B—— comes next,
Stiff in his popular Pride :

His

His Step, his Gait, describe the Man ;
 They paint him better than I can,
 Waddling from Side to Side.

V.

Each Hour a different Face he wears,
 Now in a Fury, now in Tears,
 Now Laughing, now in Sorrow ;
 Now he'll command, and now obey,
 Bellows for Liberty To-day,
 And roars for Pow'r To-morrow.

VI.

At Noon the Tories had him tight,
 With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at Night,
 Each Party try'd to 've won him ;
 But he himself did so divide,
 Shuff'd and cut from Side to Side,
 That now both Parties shun him.

VII.

See yon old, dull, important Lord,
 Who at the long'd-for Money-Board
 Sits first, but does not lead :
 His younger Brethren all Things make ;
 So that the T——y's like a Snake,
 And the Tail moves the Head.

VIII.

Why did you cross God's good Intent ?
 He made you for a Pr—f—nt ;
 Back to that Station go :
 Nor longer act this Farce of Power,
 We know you miss'd the Thing before,
 And have not got it now.

C

IX. See

IX.

See Valiant C — *m*, valorous S — *r*,
Britain's two Thunder-Bolts of War,
 Now strike my ravish'd Eye :
 But, oh ! their Strength and Spirits flown,
 They, like their conquering Swords, are grown
 Rusty with lying by.

X.

Dear *Bat*, I'm glad you've got a Place,
 And since Things thus have chang'd their Face,
 You'll give Opposing o'er ;
 'Tis comfortable to be in,
 And think what a damn'd while you've been,
 Like *Peter*, at the Door.

XI.

See who comes next — I kiss thy Hands,
 But not in Flattery, S — *l* S — *s* ;
 For since you are in Power,
 That gives you Knowledge, Judgment, Parts,
 The Courtier's Wiles, the Statesman's Arts,
 Of which you'd none before.

XII.

When great impending Dangers shook
 Its State, old *Rome* Dictators took
 Judiciously from Plough :
 So they (but at a Pinch thou knowest)
 To make the Highest of the Lowest,
 Th' Exchequer gave to you.

XIII.

When in your Hands the Seals you found,
 Did it not make your Brain go round ?
 Did it not turn your Head ?

(II)

I fancy (but you hate a Joke)
You felt as *Nell* did when she 'woke
In *Lady Loverule's* Bed.

XIV.

See *H*——*V*——*e* in Pomp appear,
And since he's made *V*——*e* *T*——,
Grown taller by some Inches:
See *Tw*—— follow *C*——*r's* Call;
See *Hanoverian* *G*——*r*, and all
The black Funeral *F*——*s*.

XV.

And see with that important Face
Beranger's Clerk, to take his Place,
Into the *T*——*y* come;
With Pride and Meanness act thy Part,
Thou look'st the very Thing thou art,
Thou *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

XVI.

Oh my poor Country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd Fall
Of *Wa*——*le* and his Tools?
He was a Knave indeed — what then?
He'd Parts — but this new Set of Men
A'n't only Knaves, but Fools

XVII.

More Changes, better Times this Isle
Demands; oh! *Chesterfield*, *Argyle*,
To bleeding *Britain* bring 'em:
Unite all Hearts, appease each Storm,
'Tis yours such Actions to perform,
My Pride shall be to sing 'em.

C 2

LABOUR

LABOUR *in* VAIN.

A SONG an Hundred Years Old.

To the Tune of MOLLY MOGG.

I.

YE Patriots, who twenty long Years
Have struggled our Rights to maintain;
View the End of your Labours and Fears,
And see them all ended in Vain.

II.

Behold! in the Front stands your Hero,
Behind him his Patriot Train;
Hear him rail at a Tyrant and Nero;
Yet his Railing all ended in Vain.

III.

Then see him attack a Convention,
And calling for Vengeance on *Spain*;
What Pity such noble Contention
And Spirit should end all in Vain!

IV.

That the Place-Bill he got for the Nation,
Was only a Shadow, is plain:
For now 'tis a clear Demonstration,
The Substance is ended in Vain.

V.

His bloody and horrible Vow,
Which once gave the Courtiers such Pain,
No longer alarms them now,
For his Threats are all ended in Vain.

VI.

What though the Committee have found,
That Or——*a*'s a Traitor in Grain ;
Yet wiser than they may compound,
And Justice be ended in Vain.

VII.

How certain would be our Undoing,
Should the People their Wishes obtain ?
Then to save us from danger of Ruin,
He has ended our Wishes in Vain.

VIII.

Then let us give Thanks and be glad,
That he knew how our Passion to rein,
And wisely prevented the Bad,
By ending the Good all in Vain.

IX.

About *Brutus* let *Rome* disagree,
We won't from our Praises refrain ;
Our *Brutus* has more Cause than he
To declare even Virtue in Vain.

X.

Three Thousand five Hundred a Year,
He valu'd it not of a Grain ;
His Scorn of such Filth is most clear,
Since that too he ended in Vain.

XI.

Corruption he hates like a Toad,
And calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd T——s, his Virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

XII.

XII.

He rejects all Employments and Places,
 And thinks ev'ry Pension a Stain :
 Yet T——s, with their damn'd fly Faces,
 Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

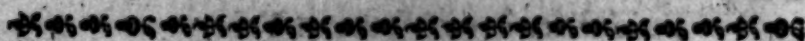
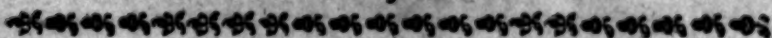
XIII.

In spite of his Caution and Care,
 To avoid the Appearance of Gain,
 Say those Tories, his Wife has a Share,
 And all is not ended in Vain.



BRITANNIA'S LAMENTATION :

O R,

The BANKS of the THAMES.*To the Tune of Tweed's Side*

I.

WHY, *Britannia*, thus senseless of Praise,
 On the Banks of thy *Thames* dost thou weep,
 Whilst its Bosom thy Navy conveys
 To confound all thy Foes on the Deep ?
 Does not *Matthews* thy Glory advance,
 Where but late thou wast cover'd with Shame ?
 Does not *Spain*, with *Sicilia*, and *France*,
 Fly for Shelter, and shrink at thy Name ?

II.

II.

Turn to valiant *Sardinia* thy Sight ;
 None but C—— could rouse him to War ;
 He it was taught the *Croats* to fight,
 The *Sclavonian* he brought from afar ;
 He it was shook the Emperor's Throne ;
 By his Counsels the *Danube* was past,
 All the Wreaths won at *Lintz* are his own,
 And by him all *Bavaria* lies waste.

III.

At his Nod, lo! each Enemy yields,
Spain and *France* their lost Armies shall mourn ;
 For from *Prague* and fair *Italy's* Fields
 He has sworn, not a Man shall return.
 Then thy Praise while the *Moldaw* proclaims,
 And *Hungaria* is freed from her Foe,
 Why, alas! should the Banks of the *Thames*
 Be the Seat of Repining and Woe ?

IV.

Not at *Austria's* Success I repine,
 May she triumph (*Britannia* reply'd)
 Though with Anguish my Head I decline,
 And lament on the *Thames* fruitful Side !
 May the *Moldaw* and *Danube's* wide Flood
 With the Shouts of her Victories sound,
 And their Currents run Crimson with Blood,
 While the *French* are mow'd down to the Ground.

V.

Thou, *Hungaria*, may'st bless thy kind Stars,
 And thy Captains experienc'd and brave ;
 Thou may'st thank thy undaunted Hussars,
 And thy valiant Train'd-Bands of the *Saave* :

Yet

Yet had all thy Success and thy Fame
 Flow'd from C——'s Courage and Art,
 Would the Honour, exalting his Name,
 Heal the Canker which preys on my Heart?

VI.

For if Freedom and Virtue must smile
 Never more, where the Silver *Thames* flows,
 What, alas! will avail this lost Isle,
 That *Hungary* is freed from her Foes?
 Has her Safety restor'd my dead Laws?
 Yet secur'd is my Birthright to me?
 Though the *Gaul* from *Bobemia* withdraws,
 From Corruption have I been set free?

VII.

See! my Patriots around me desert,
 The Arch-Criminal screen'd without Shame;
 Such Apostates have taught my sad Heart,
 That ev'n Virtue is now but a Name:
 Yet amongst that fall'n Train there is one,
 There is one, I shall ever deplore ——
 What a Labour of Years is undone!
 What a Fall, ah! to rise never more!

VIII.

He was once all my Glory and Pride,
 He alone my lost Rights could retrieve ——
 But his Name now in Silence to hide,
 Is to him all the Boon I can give.
 Then my Praise though *Bobemia* proclaims,
 And with Joy though the *Moldaw* may flow;
 Still I weep, and the Banks of my *Thames*
 Are the Seat of Repining and Woe.

BROGLIO'S *Breeches*.

WHEN erst the gallant *Koningsegg*
 (As in the News we've read from the *Hague*)
 Had storm'd poor *Broglie's* Quarters;
 A fierce *Hussar* seiz'd on the Chief,
 As he was saving, with his Life,
 His *Breeches* and his Garters.
 Disturbing a Marshal of *France* in the Night,
 Is not *à la mode à Paris*, or polite.
 Who're you? quoth th' *Hussar*. Monsieur shook,
 Said I'm his Excellency's Cook;
 No Follower of the Drum.
Hounds-foot! replies the *German* quick,
 Begone with that; so with a Kick
 Salutes the Marshal's Bum.
 Disgraceful! of War how capricious the Chance!
 A *German Hussar* kicks a Marshal of *France*.
 But *Broglie*, say, wou'dst not be glad,
 In spite of all thy *Gasconade*,
 Sans *Breeches* or a Rag,
 To be as fairly now dismiss'd,
 By such another kicking Jest,
 From young *Lorraine* and *Prague*?
 Since thus one is drove to so piteous a Taking,
 Who the De'il would again go an Emperor-making?

*A Receipt to make a P---R, occasioned by the
 Report of the late Pr---m---t---n.*

TAKE a Man who by Nature's a true Son of
 Earth,
 By Rapine enrich'd, tho' a Beggar by Birth;
 Of Genius the lowest, ill bred and obscene,
 Of Morals most wicked, most nasty in Mien;

D

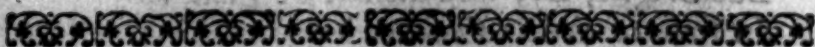
By

By none ever trusted, yet ever employ'd,
 In Blunders most fertile, of Merit quite void;
 A Scold in the Senate, abroad a Buffoon;
 The Scorn and the Jest of all C—ts but his own;
 A Slave to that Wealth which ne'er made him a Friend,
 And proud of that Cunning which ne'er gain'd an
 End;

A Dupe in each Tr—ty, a *Swiss* in each Vote,
 In Manners and Form a compleat *Hottentot* :
 Such a one could you find, of all Men I'd commend
 him,

But besure let the Curse of each *Br—t—n* attend him.
 Thus fitly prepar'd, add the Grace of a Th—ne,
 The Folly of M—n—chs, and Screen of a Cr—n.
 Take a Pr—ce for this purpose without Ears or Eyes,
 And a long Parchment P—t—t stuff brimful of Lyes;
 These mingled together, a *Fiat* shall pass,
 And a Thing strut a P—r, that before was an Ass.

Probatum est.



The CAPUCIN. A new Ballad.

To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus, & est mihi sepe vocandus.

I.

WHO at *Paris* has been,
 Has a *Mendicant* seen,
 Who for Charity follows to dun you;
 Offer him what you will,
 He refuses it still,
 For he's sworn that he'll never take Money?

II.

II.

But near him there stands,
 With two open Hands,
 A Creature that follows for Hire;
 Any Gifts that you make,
 He'll readily take;
 And at Night he accounts with the Fryar.

III.

So the great E—— of B——
 Has sworn in his Wrath,
 That he'll never accept of a Place;
 Neither Chancellor he,
 Nor Treasurer will be.
 And refuses the Seals and the Mace.

IV.

But near him * a Crowd
 Stand bellowing aloud,
 For all that two Courts can afford;
 And 'tis very well known,
 That for them what is done,
 Is the same as if done for my Lord.

V.

But I'm told, noble Peer,
 Left these Things should take Air,
 And with Dirt all Mankind should upbraid ye,
 That you try a new Way,
 ['Tis as safe I dare say]
 And make them account with my Lady.

* *A Crowd.* Here every intelligent Reader will immediately have in his Thoughts eight or ten of the ablest Men and greatest Genius's in this Kingdom; such as H. V——, H. F——se, L——d L——k, Mr. Hoo——r, Mr. S——l S——s, Mr. B——tle, Mr. G——, Sir J. R——t, &c. &c. &c.

VI.

But indeed this won't do,
And the World will see through,
And your *Virtue* (I fear) will bespatter :
Then mind what I send,
For I'm so far your Friend,
That I'm sure you can't say that I flatter.

VII.

There's my good Lord of G——r
I'n't a quarter come o'er,
And I fancy you'll find he wants Zeal ;
If he don't come plum in,
And vote through Thick and Thin,
Turn him out, and be made P—y S—l.

VIII.

Don't flight this Advice,
Nor affect to be nice,
Laugh at Oaths that obstruct your great End :
For an Oath's but a Joke,
To one that has broke
Through all Honour and Tyes with his Friends.

IX.

Go to C—t——t and P—l——m,
You'll still go on, tell 'em,
All honest Mens Hopes to defeat ;
To crown your Disgrace,
They'd give you this Place,
And your Character will be complet.

A Right Honourable DIALOGUE.

C. **T**O the *Earl* says the *Countess*, What makes you so dull ?

E. Because for your *Ladyship* I've play'd the Fool.

Co. For *Me*, do you say, Sir?—Your *Lordship* you mean.

E. Ay,—Curse the damn'd *Title*, 'tis That gives me Spleen.

Co. You've no Sense of *Honour*, no Notions of *Glory*.

E. Yours are—*Polly W*—e should not *Rank* before ye.
But more *Honour* We'd had, been *Happier* still,
Had You been plain *Madam*, and I been plain *Will*.

SCOTCH Taste on *VISTA*'s.

OLD *I*—y, to shew a most elegant Taste
In improving his Gardens, purloin'd from the
Waste ;

And order'd his Gard'ner to open his Views,
By cutting a couple of grand Avenues.

With secret Delight, he saw the first View end
In his favourite Prospect, a Church — that ruin'd :

But what should the next to his Lordship exhibit ?

'Twas the terrible Sight of a Rogue and a Gibbet.

A View so ungrateful then taught him to muse on,

Full many a *C—p—ll* had dy'd with his Shoes on.

All amaz'd and aghast, at the ominous Scene,

He order'd it strait to be shut up again

With a Clump of *Scotch Firs* by Way of a Screen. }

THE

The STATES-MAN.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri

Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?

Quem deum? &c.

HOR. Lib. I. Ode XII.

PART I.

I.

WHAT Statesman, what Hero, what King,
Whose Name thro' the Island is spread,
Will you chuse, O my *Clio*, to sing,
Of all the great Living or Dead?

II.

Go, my Muse, from this Place to *Japan*
In search of a Topic for Rhyme:
The great E— of B— is the Man,
Who deserves to employ your whole Time.

III.

But, howe'er, as the Subject is nice,
And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with Matter;
May it please you to take my Advice,
That you may'nt be suspected to flatter.

IV.

When you touch on his L——p's high Birth,
Speak *Latin*, as if you were tipsy:
Say, we all are the Sons of the Earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

V.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew ;
Yet attempt not to reckon his Bounties.
You may say, he is married ; that's true :
Yet speak not a Word of his C——fs.

VI.

Leave a Blank here and there in each Page,
To enroll the fair Deeds of his Youth !
When you mention the Acts of his Age,
Leave a Blank for his Honour and Truth !

VII.

Say, he made a great M——h change Hands :
He spake—and the Minister fell.
Say, he made a great Statesman of S——s ;
(O that he had taught him to spell !)

VIII.

Then enlarge on his Cunning and Wit :
Say, how he harangu'd at the *Fountain*.
Say, how the old Patriots were bit ;
And a Mouse was produc'd by a Mountain !

IX.

Then say, how he mark'd the New Year,
By increas'ing our Taxes and Stocks.
Then say, how he chang'd to a P—r,
Fit Companion for *E——be* and *F—x* !

An

*An ODE, Humbly inscrib'd to the Right
Honourable W - - - E - - of B - -*

*Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras.

Etibus crebris juvenes protervi :

Nec tibi somnos adimunt : amatque

Janua limen.

Ec, Ec. Ec. HOR. Lib. I. Od. xxv.

I.

GREAT E—— of B——, your Reign is o'er ;
The Tories trust your Word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear ye ;
Your Gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No Crowds of Coaches fill your Yard,
And scarce a Soul comes near ye.

II.

Few now aspire at your good Graces,
Scarce any sue to you for Places,
Or come with their Petition,
To tell how well they have deserv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd,
For you in Opposition.

III.

Expect to see that Tribe no more,
Since all Mankind perceive that Pow'r
Is lodg'd in other Hands :
Sooner to C——t——t now they'll go,
Or ev'n (though that's excessive low)
To W——lm——n and S——s.

IV.

With your *obedient* Wife retire,
 And sitting silent by the Fire,
 A sullen *tete à tete*,
 Think over all you've done or said,
 And curse the Hour that you were made
 Unprofitably great.

V.

With Vapours there, and Spleen o'ercast,
 Reflect on all your Actions past,
 With Sorrow and Contrition ;
 And there enjoy the Thoughts that rise
 From disappointed Avarice,
 From frustrated Ambition.

VI.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
 Of your deserting Friends complain,
 That visit you no more ;
 But in this Country 'tis a Truth,
 As known as that Love follows Youth,
 That Friendship follows Pow'r.

VII.

Such is the Calm of your Retreat !
 You through the Dregs of Life must sweat
 Beneath this heavy Load ;
 And I'll attend you, as I've done,
 Only to help Reflection on,
 With now and then an Ode.

E

THE

THE LESSONS for the DAY.

Being the First and Second Chapters
of the Book of *PREFERMENT*.

The First LESSON.

*Here beginneth the First Chapter of the Book
of PREFERMENT.*

I.

NOW it came to pass in the 15th Year of the
Reign of *George* the King, in the 2d Month,
on the 10th Day of the Month at Even, that a
deep Sleep came upon me, the Visions of the Night
possessed my Spirit: I dreamed, and behold *Robert*
the Minister came in unto the King, and besought
him, saying:

II.

O King, live for ever! Let thy throne be esta-
blish'd from Generation to Generation! But behold
now the Power which thou gavest unto thy Servant
is at an End, the *Chippenham* Election is lost, and
the Enemies of thy Servant triumph over him.

III.

Wherefore now I pray thee, if I have found Fa-
vour in thy sight, suffer thy Servant to depart in
Peace, that my Soul may bless thee.

IV.

And when he had spoken these Words, he resign-
ed unto the King his Place of First Lord of the
Treasury, his Chancellorship of the *Exchequer*, and
all his other Preferments.

V.

And great Fear came upon *Robert*, and his Heart smote him, and he fled from the Assembly of the People, and went up into the Sanctuary, and was safe.

VI.

And the Enemies of *Robert* communed among themselves, saying, What shall we do unto this Man? And they appointed a Committee to Enquire concerning him.

VII.

Howbeit the Man from whom they sought Information was possess'd with a dumb Spirit, and he opened not his Mouth, neither spake he unto them good or bad.

VIII.

Then the Committee were in great Wrath, and they reported this Matter unto the House; but their Report was even as a Fart, which stinketh in the Nostrils for a Moment, and is forgotten.

IX.

And I saw in my Sleep, and behold all they who sought for Places, rushed into the Palace in great Numbers; insomuch that the Courts of the King's House were full.

X.

And they all cried out with one Voice, saying, *Give us Places!* and the Sound of their Voice reached to the uttermost Parts of the Land.

XI.

And when the People understood that these Patriots only sought themselves Places, they murmured greatly, and they said among themselves, *Verily, verily, all is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.*

XII.

Why therefore have we striven in vain ? and why have we disquieted ourselves in vain ? For behold all Men have corrupted their Ways before the Lord, there are none that doeth good, no not One.

XIII.

Corruption, as a Moth, hath eaten up their Principles, Poverty and Shame is their Portion, and they and their Sons shall be dependent for ever.

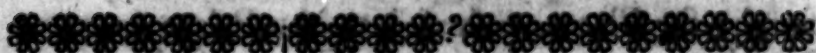
XIV.

Nevertheless the Cry of the Patriots continued with great Violence, and it wounded the Ears of the King, insomuch that he was compelled to stop their Mouths by giving them Places.

XV.

As the Cry of the Hounds ceaseth when the Entrails of the Beast are divided amongst them, so ceased the Clamours of Patriots at the Distribution of Places.

Thus endeth the first Lesson.



The Second LESSON.

Here beginneth the Second Chapter of the Book of PREFERMENT.

I.

NOW these are the Generations of those that sought Preferment.

II.

Twenty Years they sought Preferment, and found it not ; yea, twenty Years they wander'd in the Wilderness.

III.

Twenty Years they sought them Places, but they found no Resting-place for the Soal of the Foot.

IV.

And lo! it came to pass in the Days of GEORGE the King, that they said amongst themselves, Go to, let us get ourselves Places, that it may be well with us, our Wives, and our Little Ones.

V.

And these are the Names of the Men that have gotten themselves Places in this their Day.

VI.

Now the first that pushed himself forward in this Affair was the Motion-maker, who being swoln with Pride and Ambition, and thirsting in his Heart after the Mammon of Unrighteousness, he determined with himself that he would ask for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer: but his Party wist not what he designed.

VII.

Wherefore he went privily unto the King's Palace, and he got himself placed at the Head of the Exchequer, where he sitteth unto this Day.

VIII.

Who now shall bring in the Place-Bill? Who now shall make a Motion for Removal? Verily, verily, it is much to be feared, that he who expecteth these Things from S———ds will be greatly disappointed.

IX.

And C—t—the Scribe took the Place of Secretary of State, and H—gt—n presideth at the Council-Board, and W—lm—gt—n the President is made First Lord of the T—s—y.

X.

In these Days Lord *H—r—y* held the King's Signet, and to him succeeded Lord *G—r*.

XI.

And the King had a Guard called Gentlemen Pensioners, and over them he set Lord *B—st*.

XII.

Lord *L—mr—k* got the Reversion after Lord *P—lm—n* for himself and for his Son after him; and he shall be called the King's Remembrancer from Generation to Generation.

XIII.

Lord *Ed—me* was and is not; he was the K—'s Treasurer in the Land of *Ireland*, but he found no Favour in their Eyes, and to him succeeded *Harry V—ne*.

XIV.

Henry L—g was Scribe to the Treasury, but the Name of *L—g* was unseemly, so he is called *Henry F—n—se* unto this.

XV.

Moreover it came to pass, that for his great Skill in Maritime Affairs, Lord *W—n—sea* was set at the Head of the Admiralty.

XVI.

To Lord *C—bb—m* was given the First Troop of tall Men, called Horse-Grenadiers, and he was likewise made a Field-Marshal.

XVII.

So also was Lord *St—r*; moreover he was sent Ambassador unto the *Dutch*, and our Credit encreaseth amongst them.

XVIII.

To Lord S—d—y B—cl—k succeeded William F—ch, as Vice-Chamberlain to the K—g: his Brother Edward also was made Groom of the Bed-Chamber.

XIX.

And that his Majesty might not want good and able Counsellors learned in the Law, lo! M—rr—y the Orator, and N—th—l G—nd—y were appointed K—g's Counsel.

XX.

But what shall be done unto P—y? What shall be done to the Man whom the King delighteth to honour? For lo! the Word is gone out of his Mouth, he hath said in his Wrath that he will have no Place.

XXI.

Behold an Expedient! He shall no longer be called W—m P—lt—y? but the E—l of B—th. And what is it to W—m P—lt—y what the E—l of B—th shall do? What is the Privilege of P—r—ge, but to do what they please uncensured?

XXII.

These are the Men after their Generations, and many more shall come in unto the Land to possess it.

XXIII.

Of the Tribe of Jacob twelve Thousand, of the Tribe of Andrew twelve Thousand, of the Tribe of Patrick twelve Thousand.

XXIV.

And all these Things came to pass, that the Saying of the Prophet Jonathan might be fulfilled, *Those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out as those that are in*: But the Lord of B—th is over all, and blessed be the Name of the Lord of B—th.

Here endeth the Second Lesson.

THE Evening LESSONS.

*Being the First and Second Chapters of the Book
of ENTERTAINMENTS.*



The First LESSON.

I.

AND the Cry of Poverty was sore in the Land.

II.

And it came to pass in those Days, that the Rich People combined together among themselves, saying,

III.

“ Wherefore shou’d the Poor have any Money,
“ seeing they spend it in a *Vulgar* Way?

IV.

“ Do not they spend it in Meat, and in Drink,
“ and in Raiment, for themselves, their Wives
“ and their Little Ones? Neither regard they the
sweet Singers which we have brought over.”

V.

And the Saying pleased the Rulers of the Land,
so that there was not found amongst *all* the Rulers,
whom the Saying did not please.

VI.

So they oppress’d and harrassed the Poor, till
they thought they had extorted the utmost Far-
thing.

VII

VII.

When the Poor saw this, and that they were oppress'd and harrassed, and that they were evil-entreated of their Rulers,

VIII.

They were alarm'd, and moved with Indignation, and they said one to another, " Know not *we* also the Use of Money ?

IX.

Thus they commun'd among themselves, every Man with his Neighbour, and their Murmurings were great among them.

X.

And they said, " Come now and let *us* seek out " Places of Pleasure, and let *our* Hearts know Joy " and Gladness, seeing what we do not *spend* shall " be *taken from us*.

XI.

" As it happeneth to the Prodigal, even so " happeneth it to the Industrious ; there is one " Event happeneth to all : Let us Eat and Drink, " for to-morrow we shall be Taxed.

XII.

Now there was present a Man of Skill and great Cunning, and when he had heard the Saying of the Multitude, he departed, and went unto his own Home.

XIII.

Nevertheless he did not forget the Saying of the Multitude, and the Resolution which they had resolved : And as he thought *thereon*, he contrived a Place of Recreation, and it is called *Vaux-ball* even to this Day.

F

XIV:

XIV.

And the Number of the People that resorted thither, was even as the Number of the Sands that is upon the Sea-shore.

XV.

When *Inigo* the Builder saw this, and that the Number of those that resorted unto *Vaux-ball*, was as the Number of the Sands that is upon the Sea-shore ;

XVI.

It came to pass, that *He* also contrived a Place, which he called *Ranelagh*.

XVII.

And the Building was goodly *to the Eye*, and fair *to look upon*, so that a fairer was not found, not excepting the K——'s Palace.

XVIII.

Moreover the K—— went and surveyed the Building, and, as he surveyed the Building, he said, " Lo ! thus shall it be spoken of me amongst the Nations, The Ruler of *Israel* excelleth others " in a *Cake-house*.

XIX.

And the Diameter of the Building was 122 Cubits, and the Height 80 and one Cubit, and 336 Cubits was the Circumference thereof.

XX.

And the Ev'ning was warm, and the River smooth, and the Melody of Instruments was heard upon the Waters, and I said, Lo ! now will I go to *Vaux-ball*.

XXI.

XXI.

So I took a Companion, and the Voyage pleas-
ed me. And it came to pass as I sailed by *L—* b
the P—ce of the High-priest,

XXII.

I asked of the Man that was with me, say-
ing, Is this P—te *alive*, or *dead*? And he an-
swered and said, Our Friend *sleepeth*.

XXIII.

So I came unto *Vaux-hall*, and produced a Plate
of Silver, and the Doors flew open before me, and
I enter'd thereat into the Garden.

XXIV.

And as I enter'd, my Mind was soften'd unto
Pleasure; the *irregular* Disposition of the Trees
delighted me, but the *regular* Disposition of the
Lamps displeas'd me.

XXV.

Moreover at the Sound of the Organ my Soul
danced for Joy; and the Man's Finger, that play-
ed upon the Organ, was a cunning Finger.

XXVI.

And there was great Harmony betwixt the
Sound of the Organ, and the Sound of the other In-
struments; and it happened, that whatever the Or-
gan on *one Side* spake, the Fiddles on the *other Side*
cry'd, "*So say we.*" This also pleased me.

XXVII.

Albeit there was not heard the Voice of Singing-
men, or of Singing-women, and the Music lacked
Interpretation.

XXVIII.

And I said, How wot I now what is piped or harped? Verily this is as it were sounding Brass, or a tinkling Cymbal.

XXIX.

Then walked I round the Place: I praised the Colonnades, the Paintings, and the Pavilions.

XXX.

And I said unto mine Eye, Go to now and examine every Part.

XXXI.

Then I looked up, and lo! a fine Alcove was built for the Reception of one of the Princes of the People.

XXXII.

Albeit *the Prince* chose a *Pavilion*, for said He, I will be *accessible*, and *upon a Footing* with my People.

XXXIII.

I praised also the Statue of the chief Musician: it had gone thro' the Hands of a Cunning Workman.

XXXIV.

And there was an Arch before the Statue, and thro' the Arch sawest thou the Statue.

XXXV.

Then I beheld a Drawer, and he looked wistfully upon me, and his Countenance said, Sit down.

XXXVI.

So I fate down, and I said, Go now, fetch me favoury Meats, such as my Soul loveth; and he straitway went to fetch them,

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

And I said unto him, Asked I not for *Beef*? wherefore then didst thou bring me *Parsley*?

XXXVIII.

Run now quickly and bring me Wine, that I may drink, and my Heart may chear me; for as to what *Beef* thou broughtest me, I wot not what is become of it.

XXXIX.

Now the Wine was an Abomination unto me; nevertheless I drank, for I said, "Left peradventure I should faint by the Way."

XL.

And I said, Tell me now what is to pay: and he said, Thou shalt know what is to pay.

XLI.

Then pulled I out three Pieces of Silver, and I gave them unto him, albeit he looked displeased at me, as who should say, Pay me that thou *owest* me.

XLII.

Have I not been thy Slave and thine Ass these five Minutes? Have I not served thee faithfully? According to the thing thou gavest me to do, even so did I.

XLIII.

Moreover have I any Wages save what thou givest me? Wherefore then dost thou withhold from me that which is my Due, and givest me not Six-pence? So I gave him Six-pence.

XLIV.

But after this he neither bowed, nor made any Obeisance unto me, and I repented of what I had done,

XLV.

And I said, How many Souls would this Money have comforted! Verily it would have done away Sorrow from their Hearts, and made the Eye of the Mourner to weep with Joy.

XLVI.

So I departed and came unto the River:

XLVII.

And as I drew near, I called "Oars;" but there was not found that answer'd, "Here am I."

XLVIII.

And it rained!

Here endeth the First LESSON.

The SECOND LESSON.

I.

NOW there was moreover an Evening when the sky was cloudy, and the East-Wind blew, and Men's Hearts do sink with Trouble, and I waxed exceeding sorrowful.

II.

And my Companions said unto me, "Why go we not *now* unto *Ranelagh*-Gardens, that we may banish Sorrow from our Hearts?"

III.

So we went: and it came to pass, that the Preparations by the Way-side filled our Minds with mighty Expectations.

IV. And

IV.

And we said one to another, What Building can this Man build, that shall answer the Expectations he gives us by the Way?

V.

And we drew near unto the Theatre; and as we entered the Theatre it so fell out, that our Expectations were exceeded.

VI.

Our Hearts leaped for Joy, and I said unto my self, See now, what mighty Pleasures may be purchased for a Shilling!

VII.

Where now is the Sorrow wherewith I sorrowed, or the Grief whereof I grieved? Surely *Pain* and *Anguish* are banish'd from this Circle: *Trouble* also and *Sorrow* have no Shilling to introduce them.

VIII.

And the Lamps were not disposed as thou seest them in the Street, a-row; but like unto the Stars that are in the Firmament.

IX.

And the Organ *play'd*, and the Singers *sung*, and the Lamps *blaz'd*, and the Gilding *glitter'd*, and the Ladies *look'd*, and I was fill'd with Joy; and I said, Is there now among the Sons of Men one that is happier than I?

X.

Moreover the Words which the Singers sung enticed me to be *free and gay*.

XI.

So my Heart was enlarged, and I wished well even to mine Enemies, saving those that were my *Nation's* Enemies; to *such* wished I not well.

XII.

And my Soul was opened, and I talked unto the Stranger that was next me, even as thou wouldest talk unto thine Acquaintance, or thy Brother ; and I said in my Heart, Are we not all one Family ?

XIII.

And the Physician that was with me said, Verily *this* is meet for an *English* Climate.

XIV.

Nevertheless the *Gardens* are not yet to be compared to the *Gardens* on the *other-side Jordan*, neither perhaps *will they*.

XV.

And there was a Time when the Man that ruleth at *Ranelagh* met the Man that ruleth at *Vaux-ball*, and as he drew near unto him, he cry'd with a loud Voice, "What dost Thou?"

XVI.

And the Man of *Ranelagh* bespoke him fairly, saying, Wilt thou not I shou'd do what I wil with *mine own* ? Yea, verily, and with *other People's* also, seeing they have put it into my Hands.

XVII.

If thou wilt pray for a *warm* Evening, shou'd not I pray also for a *cool* one, that it may be well with me? Wherefore let there be no Difference betwixt Thee and Me, for we are *Bretbren*.

XVIII.

When the Man of *Vaux-ball* heard this, he was smitten at Heart, and he said unto himself, What shall I do now to disgrace this Man of *Ranelagh* ?

XIX.

XIX.

And he said, Lo! *this* will I do; I will go hence unto a Seer, and I will cause him to lie down, and it shall be that when he waketh, he shall say, I have dreamed a Dream.

XX.

In Condemnation of *Ranelagh* shall he dream, and in Praise of *Vaux-ball* shall he dream, and I will print his *Dreamings* in the *Champion*.

XXI.

So he did even as he had said, and the Dreamer dreamed, and the *Champion* printed, and the Readers at the Coffee-house interpreted the Dream.

XXII.

Moreover the Man of *Ranelagh* cast his Eye upon a Field, and he said, I will purchase that Field, for so shall I make an Addition to my Garden.

XXIII.

And he said unto the Owner of the Field, Lo! now what shall I give thee for the Field which joineth unto my Garden? And he said, An hundred Pieces of Gold.

XXIV.

And he said, I will not give thee an Hundred Pieces, albeit Ninety and nine Pieces will I give thee.

XXV.

And it came to pass, that while he was yet speaking, the Man of *Vaux-ball* enter'd the Threshold, and paid down the Hundred Pieces; and when he had paid down the Hundred Pieces, he said, The Field is mine. —

G

Now

XXVI.

Now as touching a Comparison betwixt these Places, I will not say that I greatly desire it.

XXVII.

For they have *both* their Beauties; albeit *sundry* and *divers* are the Beauties of these Places.

XXVIII.

For as there is a Time to eat, and a Time to drink, and a Time for neither; a Time to walk, and a Time to sit still, and a Time for neither: Even so there is a Time for *Ranelagh*, and a Time for *Vaux-ball*: Is there not also a Time for neither? G—d forbid!

XXIX.

29. Moreover I did eat and drink at *Ranelagh*, as I had before eaten and drunk at *Vaux-ball*; but the Wine and the Drawers were an Abomination in both Places.

XXX.

Now when I had walked the Circle of *Ranelagh* many Times, and had beheld the same *Faces* many Times, and the same *Laces* many Times;

XXXI.

A sudden Weariness came upon me, and I began to moralize, and I said, *Such* also is the *Circle of Life*! ———

XXXII.

And as I came forth a Coach-man said unto me, Wou'd your Honour have a Coach?

XXXIII.

And I looked, and behold it was as it were Noon-day, and the Road was lighten'd, and the Weather was grown warm, and the Feet of Travellers was heard

heard upon the Road, and I said, Nay, I will walk
bence, for it is salutary, safe, and pleasant.

XXXIV.

So I came unto my own Home.

XXXV.

Moreover it happened that in those Days lived an
exceeding poor Widow, and she said unto herself,
Wherewithal shall I get Money ?

XXXVI.

And she said, When there appeareth a Comet in
in the Sky, do not the People go forth at Midnight?
do they not gape and stare, and are not they greatly
alarmed ?

XXXVII.

And do not the old Men go forth, and the Pro-
phets prophesy ? Yea, doth not *Whif*———n the
Prophet prophesy *exceedingly*, albeit it cometh not to
pass ?

XXXVIII.

Thus are they alarmed, both small and great !
Come now therefore, let us make unto ourselves Co-
mets of *Gun-powder*, and Comets of *Salt-petre*, and
it shall be, that while they gape and stare, I will
pick their Pockets.

XXXIX.

And she did even as she had said : according to
every Word that she had spoken, even so did she.
She made unto herself Comets of *Gun-powder*, and
Comets of *Salt-petre* ; and while the People gaped
and stared, she *did* pick their Pockets.

XL.

Moreover she contrived a Sound *like unto* the Sound of an Organ, and a Sound *like unto* the Sound of a Fiddle; and it pleased the People, and they wot not that their Children wanted Bread.

XLI.

And thus it was that the Rulers of the Land *ran away* with one half of the Substance of the Poor; and that Mother C——p——r, &c. challenged the other half. And nothing flourished in those Days, saving the C——t. and the Cake-house.

XLII.

And when her Fire was waxed low, she had Recourse unto *Puffs*; albeit her *Puffs* were as the *Puffings* of an Old Woman that hath an *Asthma*.

XLIII.

And her Devices grew stale, and her Fire-works failed, insomuch that when her Rockets rose, they were even as *the Stars*, which cause *no* Admiration.

XLIV.

And when she departeth hence, shall it not be said of her, That her Days were even as the Days of a *Salamander*? She made her Nest in the midst of the Flames: even amidst the Fire of Whores and Combustibles! But the Fire is out, and her Name is *extinguished*; yea, even as a Rocket is she vanished, which blazes for a while, then sinks, and is forgotten.

Thus endeth the Second Lesson.

The EPISTLE for the DAY.

Being Part of the Second Chapter of the Acts
of the PATRIOTS.

1. **T**HEN said the Man *William*, Are these Things so?

2. And when the Day of Meeting was fully come, they were all with one Accord in one Place.

3. And suddenly there came a Sound from C—t, and it filled all the House where they were sitting.

4. And many were filled with Covetousness, and began to speak with other Tongues, as the Spirit of Lucre gave them Utterance.

5. And People were amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Pat—ts?

6. And how hear we these Patriots speak the Language of the C—t?

7. And the People were amazed and in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?

8. Others mocking, said, These Men are Courtiers.

9. But the Man *William* standing up, lift up his Voice and said unto them, Harken to my Words:

10. For these are not C—rs, as ye suppose, seeing they have not as yet accepted Places.

11. Now when they heard this they were prick'd in their Hearts, and said unto *William* and the rest of the Pat—ts, What shall we do?

12. Then *William* said unto them, Recant, and be perswaded, and every one of you shall receive Gifts.

13. For the Promise is unto you and to your Children, even as many as our Lord the K—g shall call.

14. And

14. And with many such Words exhorted he them, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward Generation.

15. And many gladly received his Word, and were made Place-Men.

16. And the Man *William* added to the Court daily such as were converted.

17. This *William* hath G — ge raised up, whereof ye are all Witnesses.

18. Therefore let all the House of C — ns know assuredly, that G — e hath made that same *William* both a P — r and C — tier.

19. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the Name of the L — d of B — th, shall be promoted.

A full and true Account of the Apparition of the Ghost of the Unfortunate Sailor James R — d.

Who was Murdered at Carolina, and appeared between the Hours of Twelve and One, in the dead of the Night, on the 17th of August last, to a certain great Personage not far from S — le-street; who had wilfully endeavoured to screen the Murderers from Justice: and how the said great Personage was so mortally Terrified, that he has not been in his right Wits ever since. With many other curious, horrid and memorable Circumstances.

Attentive Reader, prepare thee to marvel greatly: There is a certain great Personage, who notwithstanding his dingy Complexion, who was once a bright and eminent Patriot, and grim, as he looked, yet affected great Condescension and Affability

fability while he was out; but being at length suddenly taken in and exalted to an high Station, he was thereupon so puffed up and marvellously swollen, and like the Heathen, conceived such vain Things, that he deemed himself to be no longer a Man, but as it were a Sea-God, not inferior to *Neptune* himself in Power, whom the lewd Fables of profane Poets have feigned to preside over the unbounded Ocean. And *Neptune* shall he be called from this Day, if I prophesy aright, and his Effigies shall be exhibited to the wondering Passenger, seated on a great Sea-shell, with a *Trident* in his right Hand, and his black Wig shall be converted to cerulean Locks, his sable Brow and Beard either to green or blue, according as the ingenious Artift shall devise, nor shall he want a *Comb* in his Left Hand, in order to adjust and comb the same, after the Fashion of the *Mermaids*; with other adequate Emblems, expressive of his unparallel'd maritime Skill, and of his dictatorial and uncontrollable Dominion over the Seas, Trade and Navigation of the *B—— Isles*. Now this mighty, though new-created Being, in the Wantonness of Power, and the Pride of his elated Heart, suddenly resolved to screen from Justice, and snatch from the sacred Hands of the Law, the atrocious Culprit, *Sampson B———s*, and even approach'd the august Throne of *M——y* itself for a *R—— Pardon* in his Behalf. Which unrighteous Procedure was no sooner known in the other World, than (tremendous to relate) the Ghost of the massacred Seaman *James R———d*, was with winged Expedition dispatch'd as a Messenger of Horror to this our Sublunary Spot.

And as the great and potent Ruler of the Ocean (for so he esteemeth of himself) lay composed in his Bed, little dreaming of so dreadful a Visitor; the grizly Spectre,

Spectre, at that solemn Interval of Time when the Gloom of Midnight obumbrates the Globe, stood at his Bed's-feet, and rending the affrighted Curtains asunder, in a shrill and raucous Voice thrice shriek'd out, *Justice, Justice, Justice*. The mighty Lord of the Sea started up at the horrible Yell, and placing his tremulous Spectacles before his Eyes, then more dim than ever with Apprehension, and perceiving by the blue Light of a Taper, which the Spirit supported in one of its Hands, the ghastly Apparition just at his Feet, with its strait and lank Hair imbrued with human Gore, its Visage of an ashen Hue, and a pale winding Sheet bedropt with Blood, which seemed still trickling fresh from the visionary Wound ; this mighty Lord of the Sea, as I said before, was so overpower'd with Fear, that his ferocious beetle Brows stood on End, and his once grim and nigrous Countenance turn'd as white as the Sheets, under which he incontinently shrunk with mortal Dread, perspiring most profusely from every Pore ; while the hideous Spectre address'd itself to him in this wise.

‘ O thou of Satanic Pride ! is it not enough that
 ‘ the *B——sb* Sailors are deprived of their sweet
 ‘ Liberty, and forc'd into a Service, which, to the
 ‘ Perils of the Sea, to merciless Tempests and Rocks,
 ‘ adds the still greater Danger of Swords, Cutlashes,
 ‘ and Pole-axes, of Musket-bullets, and Cannon-
 ‘ balls, Chain-shot, Grape-shot, and other Imple-
 ‘ ments of hostile Fury ; but they must be barba-
 ‘ rously murdered by their fellow Subjects, under
 ‘ the Pretence of impressing ? What Encouragement,
 ‘ thinkest thou, will it be to that valuable Race,
 ‘ if I, that unfortunate Sailor *James R——d*, shall
 ‘ be inhumanly Butcher'd, and my complaining
 ‘ Ghost have the Mortification of seeing my Murder
 pass'd

' pass'd over unregarded ; and my Murderer pro-
 ' tected from Justice, nay, even from being so
 ' much as tried for Example Sake ? And that thou
 ' may'st know the Importance of a Sailor, I tell thee,
 ' (and withal exalted its dreadful shrieking Voice)
 ' it is in the K—'s Power to create thousands such
 ' as thou art in a Day, but not to make one Sea-
 ' man.

After this alarming Denunciation, it fetch'd three
 doleful Groans, intermixed with Oaths ; and va-
 nishing away, left the great Personage quite besides
 himself, who is so far from recovering his Senses,
 that he continues in the same hardened and raving
 Condition, and is never likely to act as a Man in his
 right Wits again.

A New O D E.

Quis multa gracilis te Puer in rosa

Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro? Hor. Od. 5. Lib. 1.

I.

WHAT (good Lord *Bath*) prim Patriot now,
 With courtly Graces woes thee ?
 And from St. Stephen's Chappel to
 The House of Lords pursues thee ?

II.

How gay and debonnair you're grown !
 How pleased with what is past !
 Your Title has your Judgment shewn,
 And choice of Friends your Taste.

III.

With sparkling Wits to entertain
 Yourself and your good *Courtesans*,
 You've hit on sweet-lipp'd *H—y Vane*
 And high-bred *H—y F—se*.

H

IV.

IV.

But to direct the Affairs of State,
 What Geniuses you've taken!
 Their Talents, like their Virtues, great!
 Or all the World's mistaken.

V.

The Task was something hard, 'tis true,
 Which you had on your Hands,
 So, to please P—— and People too,
 You wisely pitch'd on S——.

VI.

O *Britain* ! never any thing
 Could so exactly hit you !
 His Mien and Manners charm'd the *King*,
 His Parts amaz'd the City.

VII.

But to make all Things of a Piece,
 And end as you begun ;
 To find a Genius such as his,
 What was there to be done ?

VIII.

O where—where were they to be found ?
 Such Stars but rare appear !
 Dart not their Rays on every Ground,
 Gild ev'ry Hemisphere.

IX.

But you with astronomick Eyes,
 Not *Tycho Brahe's* more true,
 From far spy'd some bright Orbs arise,
 And brought them to our View.

X.

Sir *J—n's* clear Head, and Sense profound,
 Blaz'd out in P——t ;
G——n, for Eloquence renown'd,
 To grace the C——t you sent.

XI.

XI.

To these congenial Souls you join'd
 Some more, as choice and proper,
 Bright *B—tle* ! Darling of Mankind !
 Good *L—k—* and sage *H—r*.

XII.

Such Virtue and such Wisdom shone,
 In ev'ry chosen Spirit !
 All Men at least this Truth must own,
 Your nice Regard to Merit !

XIII.

What Pray'rs and Praise to you belong,
 For this blest Reformation !
 Thou Joy of ev'ry Heart and Tongue !
 Thou Saviour of the Nation !

XIV.

O *W—le*, *W—le*, blush for Shame,
 With all your Tools around you !
 Does not each glorious Patriot Name,
 Quite dazzle and confound you ?

XV.

Had you sought out this Patriot Race,
 Triumphant still you'd been ;
 By only putting them in Place,
 You had yourself kept in.

*The City's New Instructions to her Repre-
 sentatives in Parliament.*

IN the present unhappy Conjunction, when the domestic Enemies of these Kingdoms are flattering themselves, that, by the late astonishing Example of unpunished Treachery and Corruption, the Nation must be driven to Despair, and abandon all Thoughts of any future Efforts for the Support and Security of the public Liberty; we the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Commons of the City of *London*, in

Common-Council assembled, think it our indispensable Duty to declare, in this most solemn Manner, that as we are fully sensible how advantageously this Nation has hitherto been distinguish'd by its Freedom from the rest of Mankind, we will not, by Supineness, resign our Claim to so invaluable a Blessing, but that we will still persevere, with the same uniform and unshaken Resolution, against the Malice of our undisguis'd Enemies, and the Falshood of our pretended Friends, whose shameful Union and Confederacy against their Country, at the same Time that they serve to encrease our Apprehensions, shall redouble our Attention and Zeal for the Defence and Preservation of all our Constitutional Rights. We therefore address ourselves to you, our worthy Representatives in Parliament, and with the most grateful Acknowledgments of your former meritorious Conduct, take this Occasion of laying our Sentiments before you.

We cannot but lament that Means have been used to defeat our Hopes of a speedy and effectual Reformation ; we had long seen the great Concerns of the Kingdom all perverted to the single Purpose of maintaining Power in one Hand : With this pernicious Design our Wealth has been exhausted, our Trade neglected, our Honour prostituted, and the Independency of Parliament invaded : At length, after a continued Struggle of twenty Years, when we had reason to expect that the happy Period of our Deliverance was at hand, that each Offender would have received the Chastisement due to his Crimes, and such Regulations have been establish'd, as would have secured us from the like Enormities in time to come, how great was our Surprize to find, that some of those, who under a Mask of Integrity, and, by dissembling a Zeal for their Country, had long acquired the largest Share of its Confidence, should, without the least Hesitation, or seeming Remorse, greedily embrace the

the first Occasion to disgrace all their former Conduct, and, in defiance of the most solemn Proteſtations, openly conſpire, with the known Enemies of the Publick, to defraud the Nation of that Juſtice and Security, which they themſelves had ſo often and ſo peremptorily declared was indiſpenſibly neceſſary to its Preſervation and Support.

Amidſt theſe melancholy Conſiderations, we have the Satisfaction to find, that the general Censure and Indignation have ſo immediately purſu'd theſe Betrayers of their Truſt, that few have been miſſed by their Pretences; and that they ſucceed in the publick Hatred (thoſe they have ſcreen'd) though they have not, as yet, ſucceeded to their Power. And we may reaſonably expect a more fortunate Iſſue in the approaching Sessions, ſince many of thoſe Crimes, which have ſo long excited the juſt Reſentment of the Publick, are now incontestably evinced to all Mankind, notwithstanding the various Artifices put in Practice to conceal and protect them: For it cannot now be a Doubt that our Troops, under the extremeſt Diſtreſs in an unhealthy Climate, were defrauded, by colluſive Contracts, of their juſt Pay; that the Power of an Adminiſtration hath been apply'd to the corrupting of Returning Officers, the purchaſing of Votes, and the Subverſion of Charters; and that immenſe Sums of that publick Treafure, which was appropriated to the Support of the Civil Government, have been partly ſecreted, and partly diverted to Purpoſes injurious to the Dignity of the Crown, and deſtructive of our happy Conſtitution.

We therefore moſt earneſtly entreat, that, at this important Criſis, you will not ſuffer yourſelves to be amus'd with diſtant Objects, which of late have been ſo ſpeciouſly dreſs'd up with all the Arts of Fallacy and Deluſion; but, whatever Plea may be offer'd in behalf of our Safety abroad, be perſuaded, that Security

curity at home is the first Point which merits your Consideration; that the gratifying the reasonable Desires of the People, who ask no more than Justice, and the Re-establishment of the *British* Constitution, can alone give Weight and Success to his Majesty's Counsels and Measures, can alone recover the lost Confidence of our antient Allies, and strike Terror into our most powerful Enemies. We therefore apply to you now, with all the urgent Solicitations of Men fully convinced that their All is at Stake, the Rights and Privileges of Ourselves and Posterity, with every valuable Advantage purchased for us by the Blood of our Ancestors, conjuring you to postpone every other Consideration (particularly the Supplies for the current Service of the ensuing Year) till you have renew'd the Secret Committee of Enquiry; procur'd an effectual Bill to reduce and limit the Number of Place-men in the House of Commons; restor'd the Frequency of Elections, and restrain'd the Abuse of Power in Returning Officers. Yet, after these salutary Provisions, when you shall think fit to grant the Supplies, at the same Time have some Regard to their Application. A Nation, burden'd with Taxes, oppress'd with Debts, and almost exhausted by one lavish Administration, can but ill undergo a fresh Profusion of its Treasure in the Parade of numerous Land Armies, and the Hire of Foreign Forces, without the Appearance of any Service in the Behalf of his Majesty's *British* Dominions.

6 MA 50

These Points alone can give Safety to the Kingdom, and appease the general Discontents; and the vigorous Prosecution of them, in concurrence with all true Friends of the Public, (independent of Party, or of any invidious Distinction whatsoever) will insure to yourselves the lasting Favour and Affection of this great Metropolis.

M A N,

F I N I S.